## THE SULTAN OF SULU

His Majesty Sends Through Our Correspondent a Message to the United States.

How the Sultan Looks, Acts and Talks-His Big Income and How He Gets It-His Pearl Fisheries and His Arbitrary Pines-A Story of His Father-A Visit to the Sultan's Capital and an Audience With His Majesty-Some. thing About His Harem and Why His First Wife Left Him-All About the Sultana, Greatest of Mohammedan Women-Her Treatment of General Bates and How She Presented Him With Her Dead Husband's Purple Trousers-Her Experiences With the Phonograph-How She Peasted the Americans and Complimented Them.

## boommen and the second FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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Jolo, June 1, 1900.—I bessech you to read reverently the following. It was written in Arabic characters in my note book and is signed with the hand of the sultan of Suli, a hard that has more power in these islands than that of the cazr in Russia, or that of his brother Moharmedan. the Sultan in Turkey. It is a message of peace, however, rather than war. It is a message of friendship sent by his majesty, through this paper, to his brothers, the American soliders in the wharf before we so to the palace, and that over the roughest road you friendship sent by his majesty, through this paper, to his brothers, the American soliders in the wharf before we so to the palace, and that over the roughest road you for the lines were written across the page from right to left instead of from left to right, as with us.

It have had it freely translated. It reads:

"By this letter I, Hadji Mohammed

It looks to me more like a cross he tween a barn and a haystack than and a haryatack than been to peak at Jolo, and his majesty had several complaints to make up the balance than the balance there was a recess while I made a photograph of the various slands of this archigelago. At one time during the conference him to pay at once into the reyal treasury \$1,000. The failure to make and her was the super one the wharf before we so to the palace, and the various slands of this archigelago. At one time during the conference him the various slands of this archigelago. At one time during the conference him the various situation of the royal treasury \$1,000. The failure to make and the had been imposed at Jolo, and his majesty had several complaints to make and the had been imposed at Jolo, and the summand the subtrem that of the royal treasury \$1,000. The failure to make and the balance and the summand that of the surious subtrems the had the balance and the surious subtrems the had the had summand that a photograph of

reads:
"By this letter I, Hadji Mohammed Jamalul Kiram, the sultan of Sulu, send greeting to my brothers, the people of the United States. I send them my best wishes and also the hope that their occupation of the Sulu Islands will be compared to the second of Sulu, I have of benefit to the people of Sulu. I hope that peace may be the result of your administration and that thereby my islands may become prosperous and rich. (Signed)
"HADJI MOHAMMED JAMALUL

Cit;

KIRAM.
"Written this 18th day of the moon,
Ramalan, in the year 1317."

CALLING UPON THE SULTAN. This letetr was the outcome of an au

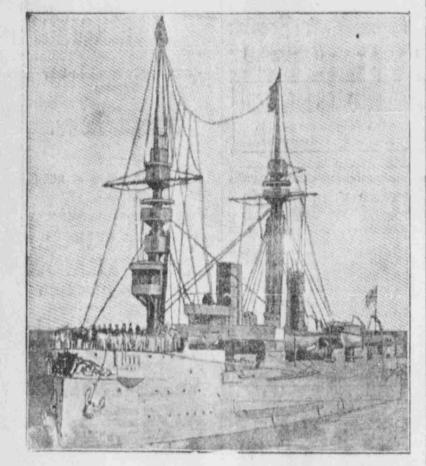
This letetr was the outcome of an audience which Maj. Owen J. Sweet, the commander of our forces in the Sulu Islands; Captain Nazaro of our guiboat, Manila; Paymaster Coffin, Mr. Bradley of the customs and one or two others, including myself, had with his majesty yesterday. Major Sweet took the little steamer Herminia, and, with a guard of soldiers and escorted also by the gunboat, sailed around the Island of Sulu to Mybun, the capital of the sulhere called "the palace of the sultan." there was a considerable discussion

took us about two hours to get to the shore. We were rowed in from the ships by the sailors till we came in to ships by the sailors till we came in to a place where the water was so shallow that the rowboats stuck in the mid. Here some of the naval officials took off their shees, rolled up their pantaloons and waded to the steps which led up to the street built high upon piles. Some were carried in on the backs of hairmaked coolies and others took dug-out cances and were dragged by men through the mud. I first tried the back of a coolie, but the man staggered so that I feared myself and my camera so that I feared myself and my camera would be dropped in the mud, and I forook him for a dug-out.

We walked through the town over bamboo bridges, so slippery that they are unsafe for all except the Moros, who go about in bare feet. We passed a dozen stores in which were Chinese

Sulu to Mybun, the capital of the sultan. Here we spent some time going through the town, were received by the sultana, the sultan's mother, and had a long conference with the sultan himselt. During the conference I asked the sultan if he would not, through me, send a word or so to the American people. The result was this message, the first, I venture, that was ever made in this way by a royal Mohammedan potentate.

KAISER'S FAVORITE CRUISER PRINCE HENRY.



Emperor Wilhelm and his sons enjoy cruises on the above gallant fighting craft even more than on their yacht Hohenzollern. The vessel is named after his Imperial Majesty's sailor brother Prince Henry of Prussia, who, it is reported, will use it as his flagship in Chinese waters.

and notice his teeth are jet black, and see, if you can, the sly, cunning, cruel was not prepossessing, and, indeed, the dation and servants about him looked much more imposing than he. His brother, Rajah Muda, had a great bolo at his eide, and his headdress was a turban. He was clad in the picturesque Moro costume, as were all the men in the room, except the foreigners and his majesty himself. HOW THE SULTAN BLUFFED THE

ADMIRAL. Every Moro had a sword or a spear, and as I looked at our unarmed American party I thought of the danger that ican party I thought of the danger that might arise in case of a dispute and remembered a story which I heard the other day of how the father of this sultan once intimidated an English admiral during his visit to this very island. There had been some trouble as to accounts between the English and the Maron and the sultan proceed to the Moros, and the sultan proposed to settle it by giving a number of pearls. The admiral wanted hard cash. He grew insolent, and said to his majesty:

"If you don't pay what I ask I will go back to my boat, and then—" Here the old sultan raised his hand with a significant gesture, and every with a significant gesture, and every one of his hundred retainers about him drew his bolo, or kris, and raised at ready to strike. The admiral had only a small party with him and the delegation could have easily been chopped into mincement. As the krises came out the admiral stopped in his sentence, and the sultan took up his words, saying in an intervensive but steriffeent.

said the admiral, "and then we war on its hands from the loss of an admiral, and the Sulu nation would

The present sultan fooks to me very of trouble. He has been very diplomati-cally managed in the first place by Gen. Sweet. He is, you know, the greatest of our Filipino Mohammedans, being rev-erenced by them not only because he is and mineratured direct from the foun-tain source. He is the ruler in the Sulu-islands alone, of about 110,000 Moros, and is also the head of the Moros of North Borneo. He has some kind of authority over the Moros of Mindanao, but it is more nominal than real, and

the power of life and death over his subjects. His power is limited, however, somewhat like that of the kings in the lays of feudalism. Some of the dattos him in case his demands do not suit their ideas and plans. He has always more or less trouble with his people, oppressing them as far as he can with-

THE INCOME OF THE SULTAN.

A large part of the income of the sul 

ried a lot of pearls with him, and dur-ing his stay at Singapore he was robbed of about \$20,000 worth of jewelry. Some one broke open his box one night and stole his crown rings, some pearls and

the tribute which the sultan receives from the North Borneo company for the lease of the lands about Sandakan. This pays him \$5,000 a year, but I am not sure whether it is silver or gold. We pay him an annual tribute of \$3,000 in silver.

THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

The sultan is like Solomon in that he has numerous wives. I am told that he has in the neighborhood of a dozen, in addition to the many females of his royal harem. His first wife, who is a princess, has left him on account of a multiplicity of his loves. She did not object to the four wives provided for by the Koran, but when his majesty demanded a score, she began to get jealous and got a divorce. She now lives on the opposite side of the island in a big white house at Mabu, a Moro vil-lage, some distance east of Jolo. The divorced sultana is said to be a very oright woman, and she is the only wife that his majesty has had who is of royal blood. On this account, provided he does not marry the daughter of a datto and have children by a princess, he will be succeeded by his brother, for the laws are that the succession can only go to the offspring of the sultan and a princess. I am told that his majesty has proposed to the daughter of Datto Kalbi, but that the datio refuses his consent. At present his brother, Rajah Muda, is in the direct line of succession, THE SULTAN'S FIRST AUDIENCE WITH THE AMERICANS.

The sultan's first audience with our people was some time before General Bates came. It was with Captain Hagadorn, who had taken possession of Jolo. The sultan came across the is-land on horseback. Captain Hagadorn has told me the circumstances of the

The sultan appeared before the walls of the town on a white horse, accompanied by fifty or sixty as wicked looking chaps as ever cut a throat. They wearing turbans, and all carrying big spears and others were armed with

The sultan himself was in evening dress, although it was 10 o'clock in the morning. His white shirt was dirty and he wore no collar. He had a large pearl ring on the little finger of his left hand, and three big diamond studs accentuated the dirt of his shirt bosom. met him and took him to the governor of Jolo, who was then Captain Pratt, and we held there a conference, which lasted several hours. We had no uspidors, and some of the sultan's attendants went to the ash barrels and secured tomato cans to be used as spittoons. The sultan himself scorned to ectorations.

The sultan left with protestations of friendship, which we and he hoped would be lasting. He impressed upon us that if any difficulty arose we should come to him and talk it over. When he left the house and wished to mount his horse he motioned to a slave, who threw himself on his face on the ground, The sultan put his foot on the back of the slave and thus got onto the saddle. A VISIT TO THE SULTANA.

During our stay at Mybun we called ipon the sultana, or the sultan's mother, ling, it is said, the sultan himself. She are uttered about her past he will have him accused of some crime | stance, it is said that the old sultan

and an elder son by another wife, but | with her. Her home is very much like | frequently put under the chin of her that she was anxious to have her oldest son, the present sultan, on the throne. This was impossible without the death of the father and the older boy, and hey both died very suddenly, it is

whispered, by poison.

The sultana is a woman of strong character. General Bates realized her strength and did what he could to make her our friend, giving her some money, as well as other presents. She was very much pleased with the general, and at the close of his interview, pre-sented him a gift in return, it consisted of her dead husband's purple trousers and his embroidered satin jacket, which she had treasured for many years. These clothes were so rotted by time that you could stick your finger through The sultana was courtly with the general, apologizing for the poor-ness of her home, and telling him that now that the Americans were here she hoped to be able to build a better in which to receive them, but she added: "Although my house is poor and broken down ,it is always at your disposal.' THE SULTANA AND THE PHONO-

GRAPH.

During our audience with the sultana she asked us for some more rolls to use with the phonograph, which General Bates sent her at the expense of the government. There was a phonograph on one of the gunboats which first came to the Sulu Islands. It was shown to the Moros, and, among others, to Rajah Muda, the son of the sultana and brother of the sultan. The natives were allowed to talk into it, and they were so astonished thereafter that they went around to everything on the ship. expecting to hear it talk back. went to the mouth of a six-inch gun, and shouted some verses from the Koran, and then put his ear against the gun, waiting for a reply. Rajah Muda was asked to speak a message into the phonograph to the Datto Tantong 'of Bongao. When the datto, a week or so phonograph he thought it was a message from Ali, and could not under-

stand how it came.
Rajah Muda told his mother, the sultana, about the wonders he had seen, and she thereupon asked General Bates to send her one of the wonderful talking machines. When it came to Jolo she was very anxlous to get it, and she wrote to Captain Hagadorn a message in Arabic, sealing it with her royal seal. I have a photograph of the letter and have had the Arabic translated. It reads as follows:

"My Brother, Adjutant and Secretary of the Governor of the Americans: "I beg to inform you that I should like to have a look at the picture machine that makes a noise, in order to get acquainted with it. If you will send it to me you may do so by one of the men belonging to your son, the Rajah Muda. Beyond this I wish to Rajah Muda. Beyond thi send you my best wishes. "Signed and sealed by "SULTANA INCHY JAMILA."

Captain Hagadorn, in response, took the machine over to her and showed her how to work it. He had some verses of the Koran recited into it, and also some of the war songs of the Moros. Her majesty was delighted with it, and she is now especially anxious to have more phonograph cylinders that she may thus record the songs and history of the Moro people.

I was much impressed with the sul-

that of the sultan, only, if anything, a bit meaner. The old lady was dressed in a gown of bright colors, with a la-vender shawl spread over her shoulders and a yellow and white handkerchief tied around her head. Her skin is light brown, her eyes black and her teeth like oiled ebony. She has a straight nose, thin lips and rather strong fea-

Despite the ceaseless toll of the wrecking crews, the end of the terrible tragedy on the Hudson river at New York

is not yet. Every day adds fresh horrors to the list. Searchers at the site of the \$10,000,000 conflagration in which

several gigantic ocean steamships were burned and several hundreds of lives were lost still find sodden corpses from the Main, Breman and other big passenger vessels. It is thought weeks will elapse ere the final total shall be

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her on a divan in front of a table cov-ered with a red flannel blanket, upon which was a black betel box bound with silver. From this box she now and then took a chew. Two slaves stood behind her, one with a bowl, which she

majesty in order that she might spew out her saliva.

ies the old lady received us with dignity and courtly grace. She asked us to be seated, and paid compliments by wholesale. She told Captain Nazaro that she liked him and that she believed that his heart was as white as his coat. She said she was the friend of the Americans, and that she thought they would benefit the country and peo-ple. Later in the day she gave us a luncheon entirely of fruits, telling us that we must realize that she thought much of the Americans or she would

COLUMN TO THE TANK TO THE TANK

leman who frequently draws his metaphors from the prize ring, the President of the United States has not merely given a black eye to certain despoilers of the Indian, but he has completely knocked them out. They have not yet recovered from the surprise of the President's yeto message which took President's veto message, which took them off their feet. Everybody who knows William McKinley knows that he wants to do justice to all the wards of the nation. And those who are interested in the welfare of the Indian rejoiced not a little at the effective way in which he came to the help of the Navaios.

ago, hostile and formidable. Of recent years they have been peaceful, and given the government no trouble. Being nomadic in their habits, it was found easy to encourage them in sheep raising, and for years they have devoted themselves to this with much success. Owing, however, to the barrenness of the land which they held in Arizona, they were constantly going off their reservation for the sake of get-ting water for their flocks. A large tract was added to it in 1884, under President Arthur and Secretary Teller. The reservation lies in the extreme northwestern portion of Arizona, and was originally set apart in 1863, in fulfilment of treaty obligations. Though enlarged it was found insufficient for their flocks, both as to grass and water. Last summer bitter complaints were received from a few settlers at a place called Tuba, just west of the Moqui reservation, that the Indians were encroaching on their rights. An Indian inspector was accordingly sent out to look into the affair. After negotiating with the whites, some twenty families in all, the government compounded with them for the gross sum of \$48,000, buying out all their vested rights. In order to further conserve the interests of the Navajos an order was issued by President McKinley January 1st, 1900, southwest corner due west to the Colorado river, and following it to its in-tersection with the Grand Canyon Forestry reservation, then north to the northeastern corner of the Forestry reservation. Turning due west the new tract extended to the Colorado river, This new tract took in about 1,200,060 acres. The tribe numbers 20,500 souls. Last year they cultivated 8,000 acres.

tie, 1,200 swine and a large number of horses and ponies. They are industri-ous and peaceable, and for many years the government has given them but

Everything was going on all right un-tll some white man with a nose for metals discovered, or rather thought he had discovered, copper in the north-ern part of the reservation. Then, in a quiet way, with as little noise as possible, came this bill proposing to cut off a vast tract of the northwest portion of this reservation. The bill went throt form the Indian bureau on the subject The bill went through as a good many measures go through Congress; because a few people are very much in terested in getting them through and the great majority are too much in-terested in other bills to give them at-tention. President McKinley does not sign a bill unless he has first referred it to the head of the departments to which it relates. The bill was accordingly referred to Secretary Hitchcock and by him to the Indian bursau. The full significance of the measure was promptly revealed. Telegrams came also from the Name of the secretary and the secretary came. also from the Navajo reservation, sayng that the Indians were under great excitement on account of intruders, and a council of the chiefs had to be called o placate them. Here was a bill cut-ing off more than half of the reservation opened to them by the order of January 1st, 1900, and the Indians had ot been consulted! The President, in s veto message, says: ild not understand how lands given to them in January as necessary their use should be taken away with previous notice in May of the same

President McKinley's veto has been spoken of with approval in both houses, and will be sustained. More than one man has said: "If I had known what the bill was I would not have given it my vote." But it only requires a slight transposition of letters to change a vote into a veto, and this transposition the President has wisely made. The assistant Indian commissioner thinks here is no reason to doubt that i ndians are allowed to go on with their have four or five millions of sheep. Alwould raise from fourteen to sixteen tana during the hour or so we spent | They own, it is estimated, fully a million pounds of wool

## SOME CHARACTERISTIC STORIES OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

ent who was captured by the Boers and released after some days, relates some hitherto untold anecdotes of Kruger which he heard during his enforced stay in the fail.

"The Paul," cried the girl, "you person ever read in the songs of Soloin the burgher's camp. He says:

On a certain occasion he was out on a love expedition, but found that another young man had arrived before him. The other suitor was a bit of a coxcomb, as coxcombs go on the veldt, says the Kansas City Journal. He had a showy horse and a gorgeous suddle and a new horse and the foother. The who could take the said."

All Boers who profess to be really genulne in their faith have a horror of gambling in any shape or form, and the president would as soon see the devil in a dress suit in his family circle as a pack of cards. There are only two kinds of people who gamble, the knaves and the foother.

The theorem was a bit of a coxcomb, and the pound in the interest of the president would as soon see the devil in a dress suit in his family circle as a pack of cards. There are only two kinds of people who gamble, the knaves and the foother. van, and when Paul Kruger arrived on his rough but useful horse, with saddle to match, the clothing home-made to some remarks which caused the lust of battle to surge up good and strong in the future president's blood, but the malden, who had the shrewd sense to know the difference between a mide and a man, made him promise not to lay a hand on the other fellow, because he was not worth the bother that would be Paul Kruger was sure to give.

he had promised the damsel he would not strike him and, as even in those days Paul was noted for his love of the

as a spruce young man, who fancled He had been warned to go straight to Boer playing "nap."

pared beforehand, by saying: "Oom Paul Kruger, president of the What is he saying?" demanded Kru-

The dude somehow got an idea that under his great rough brows. "He says," replied the interpreter, "do

Ag, Hales, the Australian correspond- | lashed out and caught the horse behind | wants to see Johannesburg any more."

All Boers who profess to be really gen. in a hurry to get some of it. up some sound worldly wisdom out on the veldt. Once when traveling on a steamer to England be policied. the veldt. Once when traveling on a "What do you think of the girls; nice steamer to England he noticed a young and fresh, ain't they?" said the Briton,

The old man watched the counters pass from hand to hand, and fancied that the men were merely playing for temptuous grunt he moved away and smoked his eternal pipe. Happening to ok across at the game a little later he vereign in exchange for some count rs, and light was at once let in on his arkness. He bounded from his deck iane. Fixing the Boer with his glaring

was very close or badly ventilated, or something of that kind. Anyway, there

When he was in London an English the modern Babylon. Ogm Paul fell in with the idea, and the Briton gathered him in to see a ballet show, thinking to get some fun out of his shocked feel-

with a sly wink at the old patriot. "The paint's fresh enough, I don't doubt," came the reply, through a cloud of smoke, "but I'd rather have the old shoes of the one I left behind in Africa than I'd have all the wemen you've got in England, on the stage or off it. She was good enough for me, when she was young, and she's good enough for me

"I am and always ! wants to see Johannesburg any more.

Whereat that young German gathered shock as if a second-class earthquake had risen up and smitten it, then fell fait on its flank, breaking the rider's leg in the fail.

Whereat that young German gathered bandker-up his hat and his perfumed handker-up his hat and his perfumed hand crows? I'd have heaps of ward if he did, old man." Elijah was a prophet with a mission in life. You are only a fool with an appe-tite, and if God sends the crows to you, sir, they will probably come to feed themselves, not you.' . . .

At one time he was very fond of riding on horseback as nearly all Boers are. Once when out for a ride he met an old woman hobbling along with a bundle. She looked at the strapping young fellow rather wistfully, as if she envied him his comfortable seat in the saddle. He passed her, then looking over his shoulder noticed that the old dame hung her head wearily as she plodded along behind him. He reined up his horse, jumped down and without ceremony lifted the old woman, bundle and all, into his saddle. Then, taking his horse by the bridle, led the animal Just before arriving there the old wo-man said: "May God be good to you for your kindness to one so old and help-Traveling once with a party of wealthy speculators in a sparsely populated portion of the Transvaal, it was discovered that by some untoward could then understand it." If you had days Paul was noted for his love of the truth, he thought he might safely venture to be rude, so, climbing into his saddle, he fired off an unbearable lot of insolence right in the young man's teeth. Paul stood it until human nature could stand no more. Drawing back till he got, the full force of his giant strength well behind the blow, he giant strength well behind the blow, he could stand no more and the truth, he thought he might safely venture, the thought he might safely venture to be rude, so, climbing into his mother was in short perticoats. I shot mother was in short perticoats. I shot gierhants there before he knew the way to find a feeding bottle with his mouth. If the young idlot has not more sense than to waste my time with questions of that by some untoward chance the hampers containing the food had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had been young and comely I should not had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had been young and comely I should not had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had been young and comely I should not had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had been young and comely I should not had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had been young and comely I should not had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had been young and comely I should not had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had chance the hampers containing the food had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had chance the hampers containing the food had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had chance the hampers containing the food had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had chance the hampers containing the food had gone astray. They were all so hunderstand it." If you had chance the hampers containing the food had gone astray. They were all so had

tion, the party had gathered around a "Well, then seeing that the ravens took food to Elijah in the wilderness, why doesn't God send some to me by the crows? I'd have heaps of faith after-and each of them had much to say concerning celebrated writers of prose and poetry, except Oom Paul. He smoked his eternal "long stem," and held his peace. The Germans and the Englishmen almost came to blows concerning the relative merits of Goethe and Shakespeare. At last the Englishmen turned to the one slient figure at the camp fire, saying, "Look here, now, Oom Paul, which do you think the greater writer of the two-Goethe or Shakes-

"Never read either of 'em," growled the even then celebrated man, with brutal frankness.

"Mein Gott!" ejaculated the German; "here is a man whom the Boers call great, and he has not read Goethe!"
"Never read Will Shakespeare?"
howled the Indignant Briton; "then what the duce have you read?"
"Only this," said Oom Paul, pulling a

frayed and tattered Bible from pocket, "and I have not half mastered its glories yet, and I have read it day and night for well-nigh forty years. When I have exhausted the Bibl perhaps find time for Shakespeare and

"Tell me, had either of these men more wisdom to teach than I can learn from the books of Proverbs? Could either of them write such glorious lines as King David, the ancient poet of the Jews, has left us in his wonderous Book Psalms? Could either Shakespeare or Goethe have written the Songs of

"If I want to read of hunting I find

where in all the books in the world love described so simply, and yet beautifully, as in the Bible? If I wa to read of war or ambition, need I further than the Bible? example of patience, can I do than study the Book of Job? I tempted by woman, can I learn the folly of such things better than by picturing the mighty Samson shorn of his strength and his eyesight through the Samson alone treachery of Delilah? In the midst of his foes.

"Do I think of the friendship of man for man? Tell me, you bookworms, where in all the libraries of Europe, can read of anything so well told as the ove of David for his friend Jonathan? an any books teach us a son's to his father better than the Bible? What book or books can better guide nine-tenths of the books of the today and give each boy and Bible, and the next generation and women would be braver and better, more hopeful and courageous, more charitable and thoughtful, more lovable and more content than the men and women of today seem to be.'

The German pulled his head well into his hat and said no more concerning Goethe. The Britisher drew a flask from a side pocket and washed the taste

of Shakespeare's name down his throat and took an early opportunity to change the topic of conversation into a channel bearing on the next day's shooting while Oom Paul, sitting just where the firelight and the flickering shadows fell read once more the tale he almost knet by heart concerning Boaz and